

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1873.

NO. 48.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED IN
Stanford, Kentucky.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (UP STAIRS).
HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.
TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

FROM CLINTON COUNTY.
ALBANY, KY., Jan. 26, 1873.

We have a number of reasons—one or two of which we will mention—for troubling you with a communication from this isolated part of the world. In the first place, there is a slight preponderance of that indispensable article, pride, diffused throughout our general make-up, and when we look around at our neighboring towns and realize the many respects in which our own people are excelled simply for the want of energy and animation on their part, this selfsame pride, true to its nature, steps forward and suggests a remedy for the evil.

Now Burkesville boasts of an editor and a devil, Columbia of a "decayed potato," while Monticello furnishes weekly one or more articles for publication in your most estimable sheet. This is evidence sufficient to the world at large that the good people of these respective communities read the paper, and in consequence are posted sufficiently in reference to market prices as well as politics to prevent any imposition on account of their ignorance. This, however, we are sorry to say, is not the case with a goodly portion of old Clinton's citizens. They are not posted, as the following will illustrate.

About two weeks since a gentleman from one of the above-mentioned counties visited this section for the purpose of buying furs, principally mink, for which he paid from fifty cents to \$1.50 each. Our merchants congratulated themselves upon having disposed of their goods at such fair prices; but little did they think that those same skins would bring from \$3.50 to \$4 each in the Louisville market. Had they subscribed for some good paper, their investment would have paid, in this instance alone, from four to five hundred per cent. Yet it is difficult to convince many of our citizens that subscribing for a paper is either economical or profitable.

We visited our post-office, a few days since, simply to gratify our curiosity as to the number of reading people among us, and we found that more than one in a hundred of our citizens takes a paper. This is a lamentable state of affairs, and certainly does not speak well for this community. But while we can conceive of no satisfactory reason why our business men should not subscribe for papers, we can readily find some excuse for the farmers in this section. Many of them living several miles from Albany—the only post-office but one in the county—they can not afford to send weekly for their mail matter, especially when irregularities exist in the post-office department.

OUR MAIL.
Of this we wish particularly to speak, hoping by so doing to call the attention of the proper authorities to a grievous evil. The mail coming to us from Louisville and points beyond is carried to Horse Cave, a station on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and conveyed thence to Albany via Burkesville, which should occupy only three days; but from some cause it seldom reaches us under a week's time. If the mail came by way of Lebanon and Columbia, we would receive it in two days, and with regularity. We trust this grievance will be speedily remedied.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.
Our people have one characteristic which is seldom found in the mountainous portions of Kentucky. They take a marked interest in the education of their children. There is a flourishing school in Albany, conducted by Professor C. F. Spencer, of Burkesville, and W. G. Woodson, of this county. Both are gentlemen of established reputation as teachers, and the large number of pupils attending the school attests their merit. There are several students from adjoining towns, and among them Mr. C. J. Winfrey, of Columbia, and Mr. Joseph Bertram, of Wayne.

DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN.
Major Marion, an honored citizen of our county, was smitten with hemiplegia, about a week ago, and died Friday morning, the 24th instant, from strangulation. His remains were interred with Masonic honors.

PERSONAL.
Dr. R. H. Chelton left for the South, a few days since, with a fine lot of horses. The Doctor has been a successful practitioner in this county for the past three years, and has attained an enviable reputation. Upon his return from the South he will remove to Hopkinsville. Madam Rumor says not alone—where he will resume the practice of his profession. Success attend you, Bob, where-

ever you are cast by the whim of destiny. Be assured you have our well-wishes.

SUIT FOR A CHURCH EDIFICE.
As the spring term of our Circuit Court approaches, we hear considerable talk of a suit by the Methodist and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches against the Christian Church for possession of one of our church buildings. The house was erected by the applicants, but was repaired at the close of the war by the applicants, and by the contract, as is claimed, they have taken partial possession. The suit promises to be interesting.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.
Two of our young friends, whom we will designate as Charley and Granville, were enjoying themselves, during the late "freeze up," on a neighboring pond, where one of our townsmen was cutting ice, he having already made a large hole. Granville, having reached the opposite side of the opening from Charley, became interested in the cutting operation, and oblivious to the surroundings, until Charley attracted his attention by falling heavily upon the ice. Looking up, he exclaimed, "Charley will go under directly, and I am going to be in time for the fun." So saying, he started towards Charley, but, forgetting the hole, he fell in, just where the water was thin deep. When Gran recovered his voice, and can speak above a whisper, he promises to tell us all about it. RURAL.

Dancing.
Does not the familiarity incident to round dances and waltzes have a tendency to undermine modesty and are not the supposed advantages of exercise overbalanced by the demoralizing effects referred to?

ANSWER.—Anything which violates one's sense of propriety, according to the usages and the education of the person, will have a tendency to depress self-esteem and weaken conscientiousness. There are many things which are required by cultivated society the neglect of which would bring shame and debasement to the individual; whereas, other persons, just as honest, with just as nice a sense of delicacy and duty, not having been trained to regard those usages, would have no feeling on the subject. The same principle may be applied to the familiarity necessary in waltzing. There would be a natural tendency to excite the emotions and passions in such performances, but we have no doubt that well-bred people can and do rise above any such case, thought or tendency in connection with it. The light gymnastics or calisthenics of modern times are really better for exercise than dancing. They are being introduced into schools widely, and ought to be universally. They serve all the purposes of exercise, and may be practiced at home or in one's room with all the physical benefit which arises from concerted exercise. These are adapted to age and youth alike. Father and mother and all the children could have a turn at these light gymnastics with equal profit and pleasure at home every day, whereas dancing, in general, is done at set times and on special occasions. We need exercise every day as we need food. Where dancing can be had about once a month or once a week, it does not properly answer the purpose of general exercise. We have known people to inveigh against dancing of every kind. The very name was sufficient to condemn it, but they would join in plays in which running, scuffling, scrambling, ending with kisses on each occasion, was the order of the hour. We never heard a sermon preached against this, and whatever decency, propriety or morality might have existed, or might have been supposed to exist, we do not remember to have heard condemned in public; while we have heard dancing in the ballroom spoken of as the gateway to perdition. "Evil to him who evil thinks," contains wisdom and common sense. In most European countries dancing is common among religious people. Among Puritans, on both sides of the Atlantic, dancing has been ignored and repudiated; but outside the Puritans and Methodists we are not aware that religious bodies have inveighed against dancing. We advise people who are conscientious on the subject to obey their consciences.

We are satisfied that in countries where morning prayers are said on Sunday, and the afternoon is devoted to pleasure, recreation, and amusement, the people do not violate their consciences; but in New England men could not practice relatively to the Sabbath in that way and be guiltless, yet conscientiousness and desire to do right in both communities may be equal. How are they educated? The Catholic feels bound to go to morning prayers for an hour. He would not pass the church or look at the altar in the church without crossing himself and bowing, but he would have a jolly time in the afternoon of Sunday; while the Puritan would stand stiff as a post before the picture of the Virgin or Savior; he would stand up to pray and would keep the whole of Sunday without amusement, and feel bound to think holy thoughts with sobriety. —*Phrenological Journal.*

JOB WORK DOES PROMPTLY, AND IN THE BEST MANNER, AT THIS OFFICE.

"WHIP BEHIND!"
I leaned from out my two-pair back—
The afternoon was mild—
A cab passed by, and on its track
A little dirty child.

Cabby drives calmly through the slush,
With all-unconscious mind;
The dirty child comes with a rush,
And clatters up behind.

His mother had looked with careless eye
On all his efforts vain,
But now he's landed high and dry,
They burn with envious pain.

And as he sits between the wheels,
As happy as a lord,
"Hi! whip behind!" with hoofs and squeals,
They yell with one accord.

The driver turns and plies the lash,
The child falls in the dirt,
And in a puddle rolls her splash—
I think he must be hurt!

He turns away—that ragged boy—
He's anything but gay;
His little friends they jump for joy,
And go on with their play!

I shook my head despondently—
"Ah, such a life, I guess!"
A man meets little sympathy
While struggling for success.

And when the back of Fortune's car
He's clutched, you'll always find
How ready all his best friends are
To follow, "Whip behind!"

The Great Question.

The temperance question is now the question of the age. It is one that takes hold of every human interest as no other does. It is not a local but an earth-wide one. It is a question inside the church, for all denominations alike; it is a question outside its pale, for man as man. We stagger under the very magnitude of its appalling statistics, and yet we no more take them into our conception than we do the figures that measure the magnitude and distances of the heavenly bodies. Nearly all the poverty, the wretchedness and the crimes of the land come of drunkenness. It is at once a leprosy of body, mind and soul. Here is an embroiled spot, whom we pass by with our sympathy all lost in loathing, or, if any feeling of pity asserts itself, it is soon gone in the thought that the poor wretch is simply crawling to the grave along the gutter in which he was born; but that filthy and stupid object was once a man of brilliant parts and splendid education, who once ministered among the purest at God's altar, whom children once revered and a tender and refined wife clung to with a great, strong, proud love. This is but a single case; there are multitudes like it. Change the word minister to lawyer, legislator, physician, teacher, scholar, merchant, and we have other multitudes. And in the lower social planes there are still vaster multitudes, all utterly ruined in body, mind and estate—yes, in the immortal soul, by the demon of drunkenness. Indeed, we have no men of grand intellects, loftier moral natures, finer sensibilities, tenderer and more loving hearts, than they once were, whose condition is now so far below that of the brutes.

Nor is this human ruin exceptional, like the devastations of war, whose every trace is removed by the long peace that follows; or of the pestilence, in whose track life soon asserts its recuperative power. On the contrary, it is repeated with all the regularity of the seasons. If the future is to be as the past, young men who are now the pride and expected stay of their widowed mothers are, by and by, to bring down their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave; young husbands are to break the hearts of those whose smile is now their chief joy; babes which have been received as cherubs from heaven are yet to become unclean outcasts from man and God.

But is this terrible work to go on? Is this Moloch still to consume just as many of our noblest sons? This vampire to suck out the life-blood of their immortal souls? This ghoul to eat out the love of husbands, wives and parents, and transform our homes into hells; this enemy of all good still to march its countless procession to our courts, and prisons, and gallows? This maelstrom still to engulf, year after year, its hundreds of millions of wealth? We say that it is the question of the age whether this shall go on or be stayed.

"Stayed!" says one; "let the strong arm of the law arrest it at once." But law implies law-makers; and law-makers are themselves only the representatives of the average sentiment of their constituents. No law is long possible which the enlightened convictions of the people do not demand and are not ready to support. Besides, many of the most influential of these constituents are interested in the manufacture of this infernal poison, or in its sale, or in rents derived from its manufacture and sale. They represent millions of capital; stand to gether compactly, and are solid and determined in the matter; understand all the arts of lobbying, and control vastly more than their own personal votes; even their benighted victims are enjoined into the forging of their own chains and keeping them tight and strong. It is not enough, therefore, to say, Let the law look after this thing. The law is powerless apart from earnest moral

backers—moral backers made earnest and kept earnest by broad and enlightened views of the whole matter. The work can not be thrown off either on abstract law, or on concrete law-makers. It rests on ourselves—on those of whose sentiment and purpose the law is the expression. The work is mainly one of moral enlightenment. We have got to put the community squarely on the side of temperance. Nor is this so simple and easy a work as some may think. Many subordinate questions are involved. There is legal coercion—all clear enough to us, perhaps, but not at all clear to thousands whom the liquor interest and the politicians have befogged; clear even to these, when the cattle disease imperils stock and would send to our tables diseased beef and milk, but not so clear in the case of a traffic that imperils all the dearest interests of the life which now is, and of that which is to come. There is work to be done here, well nigh equal to opening the eyes of the blind. There is also the question, how best to serve the drunkard? how restore him to himself, to his family, and to society? how quench his raging appetite? how revive his self-respect? how lift his will to its throne? Drunkenness is in part a disease—how shall we treat it? It is in part insanity—how shall we manage it? It is in part a crime—how shall we punish and guard it? There is a world of work here; light to be got and light to be imparted; noble asylums to be established; open arms for the returning prodigal, and if the fatted calf is not killed to appease his hunger, at least enable him to earn respectable bread.

And there is the still more important question, How shall we save our sons who are as yet free from the snare of the destroyer? Their chief peril is not from appetite, but from social customs. The demon has transformed himself into an angel of light, and allied himself with respectability, and beauty, and fashion. It is particularly respectable to drink. It is fashionable for women to furnish the wine-cup to her guests. It is still woman that is first in the ruin of man. The chains of fashion are as hard to break as are the chains of caste. No leathens was ever more made upon his idol than the devotees of fashion are on theirs. Can we save our children, or must we be forced to throw them to Moloch and satisfy ourselves with the hideous music with which their cries are drowned? We can save them by the hardest work.

This work is, as we have said, one of moral enlightenment. It is enlightenment of the conscience and will, as well as of the intellect; such enlightenment as necessitates action—wise, determined, persistent action, in whatever direction there is work to be done. What is wanted is not another Washingtonian excitement. It is not comic songs, funny anecdotes, and childish professions. It is a combined movement all along the line to the absolute overthrow of the evil—a movement carefully planned and led by our wisest generals.

We can not shout "On to Richmond!" until all is ready. Meanwhile, let every temperance organization gird itself up anew, and arrange for lectures and discussions in every city, town and village in the land; let the pulpit, the press, and the platform do their duty; and let every one who knows that he is in some sort his brother's keeper ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The True Lady.
From the lady there exhaled a subtle magnetism. Unconsciously she enfolded herself with an atmosphere of unselfish strength, which, to those who came into it, gave confidence and repose. Within her influence the diffident grew self-possessed, the impudent grew self-checked, the inconsiderate admonished; even the rude were constrained to be mannerly, and the refined are perfected; all magnetized under the charm of the flexible dignity, the commanding gentleness, the thorough womanliness of her speech, look and demeanor. A sway like this is purely spiritual. Every sway, every legitimate, every enduring sway, is spiritual, a reign of light over obscurity, of right over brutality. The only real gains we ever make are spiritual gains—a further subjection of the gross to the incorporeal, of body to soul, of the animal to the human. The finest, the most characteristic acts of a lady involve a spiritual ascension, a going out of itself. In her being and bearing, patience, benignity, generosity, are the graces that give shape to the virtues of truthfulness. In the radiant reality of ladyhood the artificial and the conventional are naught. Different from, opposite to, the superpositions of art, or to the dictates of mode, in the culture of the innate, the unfolding of the living, as different as the glow of health is from the cosmetic stain that would counterfeit its tint.

When a Maine man has a too talkative wife, he tells her he is going to Annapolis and goes on a long hunting and in his absence has his friends call at the house and inquire his whereabouts. When he returns the faithful wife is exhausted, and doesn't want to speak for a month.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.
BY GEORGE E. HERBERT.

I paced the room with hasty tread.
The midnight lamp burned low;
Anon, I watched the pendulum
Swing slowly to and fro.

The minutes lengthened into hours,
The hours to ages grew;
I counted all the carpet squares,
And ranged them two and two.

Anon, I stop, with outstretched neck,
And listen at the door;
I counted one, two, three o'clock,
And then I counted four.

With grief my heart was overborne;
I'd sickened in the home—
When, hark! what sound was that I heard?
Pshaw! it was but a mouse.

I laid me down, but could not rest,
The sofa hurt my thigh;
The door flew wide—I started up—
Cried nurse, Law! sir, it's nine.

How I Happened not to be Killed in a Duel.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The only merit that I can claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to carry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) Daily Enterprise, they promoted me to editor in chief, and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommon lively newspaper while I did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands and three horse-whippings promised me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish.

In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of the rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I had said about him. I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that. I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. "Vigorous" means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Dueling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there, if you abused a man and that man didn't like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in the office "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter which made me unexpressly uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the blood-thirstier I became. But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I thought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended on. Our boys were exultant. I was not, though I tried to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and borrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed it of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—for nothing but a line shot could "fitch" him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was of course a little too tall to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn-door, and I could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash, and could not hit the squash. I would have been entirely disheartened but that I occasionally crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol-shots near by, in the next ravine. We knew what that meant. The other party was out practicing too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for, of course, those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn-door without a wound or a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me—for that other man would immediately become as bloodthirsty as I was. Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush, thirty paces away; and my little second, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver and shot the bird's head off. We all ran to pick up the game, and, sure enough, just at this moment some of the other duellists came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference: "Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heaven alive, who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do it often?"

"Well—yes. He can do it about—well, about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said nothing. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidence of that kind, so I let the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their under jaws drop, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home; and when we got home, half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord had hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. He had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have well nigh closed it, in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes and used me for a hat-rack; but what is a hat-rack to a man who feels he has intellectual powers? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of dueling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I am making can be of service to Sunday-school teachers and newspapers interested in the moral progress of society, they are at liberty to use them, and I shall even be grateful to have them widely disseminated, so that they may do as much good as possible. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine and very grand to be a duelist, and stand "upon the field of honor." But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I think it is every man's duty to do everything he can to discourage dueling. I always do it now; I discourage it on every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now—now that I can fully appreciate the iniquity of that practice—I would go to that man, take him by the hand and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.

REVEUE DE LA MODE.

From the cycles of the Past, old Time revives many strange and weird fashions, and the most obsolete we can mention, is that of muslin tapestry hanging, which tradition tells us draped the walls even of Kings and Queens. Happy idea for indolent young ladies to ply their needles and bring forth marvelous specimens of handy workmanship in lieu of whiling away God-given time perusing modern novelties.

For Spring it is predicted all shades of blue, from the bright turquoise to the lily-of-the-valley or greenish blue, will be the prevailing color. All the quaint winter shades will be reproduced, but in lighter and more appropriate tinting for spring. Periwinkle, or dark purple shades, is a new importation principally in heavy repped goods. Another old fashion to be revived are polka dots; they are to be scattered profusely over all kinds of dress materials. Occasionally we will find squares, crescents, and terrible to realize, even Japanese hieroglyphics represented; which latter specimen will, I should think, be far worse than the sun flower and poppy "Dolly Vardens."

Gauze overdresses are greatly worn over heavy silk, thereby rendering a street dress effective for evening wear.

An instance of extravagance in dressing children has lately been noticed. A child of two years of age had a heavy white rep silk overdress trimmed elaborately in Valenciennes, which cost about two dollars per yard; an undershirt of pale blue gros grain silk, trimmed with same lace, overskirt looped, with elegantly embroidered moire antique sash and on the fair golden ringlets coquettishly worn was the daintiest Parisian bonnet of blue silk, almost covered with medallions and lace of the costly Valenciennes. The suit cost \$150.

Choosing a Life Calling.

We extract the following judicious and sensible article from an able Texas paper, the Houston Telegraph:

An esteemed young friend has written us for advice as to his making the profession of law his life calling, and while answering him we may also make suggestions that will be valuable to other young men, as well as to their parents, and therefore we give our answer through the Telegraph.

Much evil has been produced in this world by the pride of parents, guardians and families. It has been far too much the case that one boy is selected to be a lawyer, another a doctor, another a merchant, and still another a preacher, if there be so many in the same family. The law and medicine are the most popular, and a large number of families consign at least one son to one of those professions.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred merchants who have embarked in business in New York have failed, and the same figures might be applied truthfully to some other classes. The Philosopher's stone has never been discovered, and perhaps never will be, but it would be as easy to do it as to make a great success out of a young man who embarks in any one of these callings without being fitted by taste and capacity for it.

He must have the very capacity necessary to a great success. He must have an energy which flags at no obstacles, a perseverance which pursues victory ashore and aim, without a turn from his purpose. He must not be satisfied to have a license, a diploma or a store, and then conclude that his work is done. His toil has but just commenced, and onward he must move with slow and measured steps until the goal is reached, expecting to find very many rebuffs and discouragements by the way. He must not suppose that he can cease to study his profession because he has commenced its practice, but he must read and re-read all of his life to attain to a great success.

A mere case lawyer, doctor or preacher is not fit for his position. A mere routine merchant never succeeds greatly. It is because of the violation of these requisites coupled with incompetency, that the world is full of quacks and that so few attain to great celebrity.

Parents and families would do far more for the world and the boys if they would regard these teachings. It would be better for them to be mechanics or farmers than to choose callings for which they are unfitted by taste and capacity. Look at the legal profession and see how few take a rank in it. The medical is just as bad, and the pulpit is no better served, while the mercantile class gives its failures every day in the year.

It is high time that the people should wake upon this important matter.

If your son shows a taste for any calling, let him follow it, for taste and capacity, as a general rule, are joined in the person, and he will likely, with proper energy, become distinguished.

Who is there that is not chained to some rock of the past, with the vulture of Memory tearing at its vitals, screaming forever in the ear of Conscience?

Cure for Frost-bites.
Warm some pine tar, and apply with a feather to the affected part; heat it in by a hot fire before going to bed. In very bad cases it may need the second or third application. It is a sure cure, and the tar can easily be removed with lard and soap.

A BACKWOODS school committee summed up the results of an examination, by declaring to the scholars: "You spell well, and ciphered fast—but, you hain't not still."

Who Brought the News?

The following remarkable story is taken from the St. Louis Republic.

Does any one in our community know anything about it? "Who brought the news? That is a question that has never been settled, and probably never will be. It is a fact, however, which can be substantiated by thousands of living witnesses, that the details of the battle of Mill Springs reached Paris, Kentucky, on the 12th of January, 1862. The rumor was that the battle had occurred two days before—that General Zollicoffer had been attacked at Fishing Creek, or Mill Springs, that he had been killed and his body stripped, mutilated and thrown into a swamp, and his army completely routed. Also that Major Baile Peyton had fallen; that a Mississippi regiment, supported by a regiment from Tennessee, had behaved handsomely, while the remainder of the army had from some cause become panic-stricken early in the fight, and fled from the field completely demoralized.

The whole blue-grass region of Kentucky became excited over the news; the particulars, as above related, were on every tongue, and so they spread all over Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, and into West Virginia. Let it be remembered that this rumor started in Paris, Kentucky, on the 12th of January, 1862. Citizens of Paris wrote to their friends in other States, giving these details, and those letters are still in existence to speak for themselves, bearing the above date, and two or three days thereafter.

In those days we used to hear of messages by the grape-vine telegraph, and by passengers by the underground railroad. If the report of the battle of Mill Springs and the death of Zollicoffer came by either of those lines, it is more extraordinary than any feat ever performed by lightning or steam. The wonders of this performance are yet discussed by many who were cognizant of the occurrence, and the fact that the particulars of this battle, so received, got into the newspapers, and were treated as current news.

Captain C. E. Merrill, of the Confederate army, has lately given his recollection of it as a singular incident of the late war. Captain Merrill is the son of a Mississippi planter, and commanded a regiment in the war. He passed through Lexington, Kentucky, on the night of January 12th, 1862, hastening to rejoin his command in Virginia, by way of Cumberland Gap. Before daylight the next morning he took shelter in the house of a Southern sympathizer until the following night, preferring to prosecute his disloyal journey between two suns. He states that he spent the 13th of January in company with several gentlemen from Clark, Fayette and Bourbon counties, and they were full of the news of the battle above alluded to. They did not know exactly how the news came, but they had its history in the minutest details.

Captain Merrill says: "This rumor was heralded on the 13th of January, and I continued to meet it all along my route through the mountains of East Kentucky until I reached Abingdon, Virginia, which point I made on the night of the 19th. On that night I solicited sleep rather than companionship, and retired to my bed-room at the hotel, well content to have at last reached the civilization of Dixie in safety. What was my surprise, however, on awaking next morning, to hear that on the day before (the 19th) General Zollicoffer's army had been beaten, himself killed, etc., with all the incidents, just as I had heard a week before in Central Kentucky. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'has there been another battle?' And has General Zollicoffer been killed a second time?"

The battle in which Zollicoffer was killed really occurred on the 19th of January, 1862, seven days after the rumor above related was current in Paris, Kentucky. The people had been discussing it for a week, and were startled at the remarkable coincidence, the details given by the rumor and the actual events corresponding exactly to the minutest particulars. It has not ceased to be a wonder to this day. The realization of the intelligence was so astounding that efforts were made to trace the rumor to its source. It was only ascertained that some stranger accented a citizen of Paris, called him by name, and related the battle of Mill Springs on the 12th of January, which battle did not take place till the 19th of January following.

Cure for Frost-bites.
Warm some pine tar, and apply with a feather to the affected part; heat it in by a hot fire before going to bed. In very bad cases it may need the second or third application. It is a sure cure, and the tar can easily be removed with lard and soap.

A BACKWOODS school committee summed up the results of an examination, by declaring to the scholars: "You spell well, and ciphered fast—but, you hain't not still."

Who is there that is not chained to some rock of the past, with the vulture of Memory tearing at its vitals, screaming forever in the ear of Conscience?

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